

# TENANTS MOB AGENT OF FLAT.

Suspected of Incendiarism,  
the Infuriated Crowd Tried  
to Lynch Him.

SAVED BY POLICEMEN.

Herman Jonas Was Beaten Nearly  
Insensible When the Bluecoats  
Came to His Rescue.

Half a score of policemen fought desperately to prevent a mob of infuriated tenants of the big, five-story apartment-house No. 16 East One Hundred and Ninth street from lynching Herman Jonas, a real estate dealer, living at that number, whom they accused of attempting to fire the building.

Several hundred persons joined the tenants, who were beating Jonas and hurling missiles at him, and followed the policemen and their prisoner to the West One Hundred and Fourth street station.

"Lynch him! Lynch him!" yelled the mob, and the policemen had to beat them back with their clubs to prevent them from carrying out their threats. The people whose lives had been imperiled by the blaze in Jonas's flat were frantic, and had beaten the real estate dealer almost into insensibility before the police arrived in sufficient numbers to protect him.

Jonas, who has an office at No. 111 Livingston street, occupied a flat on the third floor with his mother and sister-in-law. The owner of the building, Frank Gueler, lives on the second floor, and the first floor is occupied by George Kruger. Within a minute, the janitor, lives in the adjoining house.

About 11 o'clock last night Kruger, who had gone to bed, smelled burning gas.

He dressed and ran into the hall. The smoke was coming from above, and he went up one flight, meeting Gueler. Together they ascended to the third floor and met Jonas, who tried to pass them in the hall.

"Where's the fire?" demanded Gueler. Jonas made no answer, and the two men grabbed him and forced him back into his flat. There under the sofa they found a pile of burning rags, and similar fires were smoldering under two beds, leading Kruger to hold Jonas, who struggled to get away, striking his captor in the face, Gueler alarmed the tenants, and in a few minutes several were helping him extinguish the blaze.

The alarm started a panic in the house, and the screams of half-dressed women and children in the hall attracted Roundsman Polly and Patrolman Carroll.

When they reached the third floor the tenants were wreaking summary vengeance on Jonas. The janitor was beating him over the head with a club.

Men and women, realizing the peril in which they and their children had been placed, surrounded him, beating him with their fists and kicking him.

Jonas struggled to get away, and on into the arms of the police, who on seeing him, beat back the crowd. Roundsman Polly blew his whistle for aid, and seven other policemen responded.

They surrounded Jonas and took him to the station. Most of them had to walk backward all the way, brandishing their clubs to keep back the yelling mob, who acted as though they wanted to tear the prisoner to pieces.

Mrs. Jonas told the police that their furniture was insured for \$1,000.

Mr. Gueler, the owner of the house, said that he knew little of the people who had only been in the house three months. During that time they had never laid any claim to the insurance.

The police notified the Fire Marshal. Jonas was arraigned in the Harlem Police Court later and, at the request of the Fire Marshal, was held by Magistrate Zeller in \$3,000 bail, pending an investigation.

# SUBLIME PORTE ASKS A TRUCE.

WANTS FRANCE TO RESUME  
DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS.

Then They Can Discuss the Question  
of Payment and Concessions  
Now in Dispute.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 31.—M. Bugeat, Councillor of the French Embassy, has received from the Porte a copy of a telegram sent to the Ottoman Embassy at Paris for communication to Delcasse, the French Foreign Minister.

This telegram, while giving vague assurances, formulates nothing concrete, and requests a resumption of diplomatic relations between the two countries with a view to reaching a satisfactory settlement of the matters in dispute.

S. L. & S. F. DIVIDEND.

Text read Declares 1 Per Cent. Out of the Surplus Earnings.

Barth St. Louis & San Francisco Railing Company has declared a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. out of the surplus, payable Oct. 1 to holders of the common stock of record at Oct. 2. Checks will be mailed Continental Trust Company of St. Louis.

# BELLEVUE THE FREE HAVEN FOR ALL ILL AND HOMELESS WOMEN.



AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.  
("You can be attended to immediately.")

At last one woman's efforts to find a sure, free haven for all the ill and homeless of her sex in this great wide city have been rewarded.

Miss Catherine King, The Evening World reporter, after a tour of a number of the principal hospitals of New York has discovered one institution—outside of the workhouse—which gives its ministrations freely and readily to all the sick and disabled—which does not limit its ministrations only to those who are suffering from "acute, chronic or contagious" diseases.

Know all ye who have been denied medical aid because your ailment does not come under a certain arbitrary classification that there is a refuge as free as air for you. It is Bellevue!

BY CATHERINE KING

Then I went to Bellevue. I went in the evening. Bellevue seems to have far less misery within its walls at night than it has when the sun shines.

At night there are no verandas visible, with rows of creeping sick people, the men in pajamas, the women propped in chairs with pillows, and nearly everybody with slings or bandaged heads.

Bellevue at night was still, with clear, friendly lights at intermittent windows. For all that I felt a little afraid when I came through the big gates and up the drive. A nurse was moving about on the covered porch where the foundling children live. On the right a dim light glimmered in the insane pavilion. The great place seemed itself some big, drugged sufferer.

Straight ahead of me a cheery square of gaslight fell across the walk from an open door. Three young men, white as paper, were leaning against the doorway, hands in pockets.

One was sitting in a chair tipped back against the wall. They were laughing at some story of that day's happenings, and paid no attention to me as I passed them.

I went on to the big curved iron stairway that leads up to the superintendent's office. The hall was empty and lighted, the room at the left was empty and dark; but still beyond I saw a bright office, whose door stood ajar. I crossed to its threshold.

Saw a Real Superintendent. A man was sitting at a desk going through some papers. He was alone in the room. He looked up and waited for me to speak.

"Where," I said, "shall I find the superintendent?" "I am the superintendent," said he, unexpectedly.

It was a great moment. For five days I had been asking at all the large hospitals to see the superintendent. In every instance I had been required to state my case to somebody in an outer office—somebody in a great hurry, and usually somebody young.

I had not so much as seen an assistant superintendent, nor even once penetrated to the outer office of the wonderful man.

And here, quite without ceremony, quite without warning, I had come upon a living superintendent.

Not a word of a man in livery was in sight. Nobody in glasses had intervened to explain that he represented the superintendent in some capacity. I shuddered when I remembered that on a y empty unlighted room and an empty hall, door ajar, lay between this superintendent and the outside world.

"Well," said the superintendent, "I want to ask you." I said rather unsteadily, "If I may come here to Bellevue?" "The you mean for treatment?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "I want to ask you. I said rather unsteadily, 'If I may come here to Bellevue?' 'The you mean for treatment?' he asked.

"Thank you," I said, and went.

How She Was Received. When I reached the door I perceived that my feeling of strangeness was

partly accounted for by the fact that the superintendent had not gone on sorting his papers until I turned away. He walked down to the door with his square of cheerful light streaming on the sidewalk. The three in white coats were still there, and still laughing.

I went into the room back of them and no one was there. I turned and spoke to the one nearest.

"Whom shall I see?" I asked, "about getting admitted to the hospital for treatment?" "Here," he said, calling one of the others by name, "this is for you. He'll tell you," he added to me.

One of the two others came indoors immediately.

"Are you ill?" he asked.

He leaned back against the open door, his head thrown back and his eyes closed, and he swung back and forth with the door's motion while he talked with me.

"I said, 'I want to come here to the hospital to be treated.'"

"All right," he said, "we'll have some one in a minute to examine you."

"May I stay here to-night?" I asked.

"Why, yes," he said, "if you're ill. Have you room, are you sure?" I asked him with what my week's experience made pardonable incredulity.

"We'll Make Room."

"Why, yes, we have room," he answered in surprise. "If we haven't we'll make room."

I didn't shrink. "At last!" and rush from the place out to the dark drive. The big, black pile of brick had somehow taken on a most sociable look while I was inside.

I heard the young man in the white coat take up the thread of his story as I left them all behind. The woman in the little room near the gate was sleeping at her post, but she awakened as I passed through, and by a wonderful bit of agility nearly surprised me into staying. For she said:

"Good night."

An automobile ambulance came clanging up the road and rolled smoothly under the archway of the gate.

Mr. Pixley was visiting the dressing tent of a dog and monkey show.

OMAHA, Aug. 31.—William A. Pixley, amusement editor of a local paper, was injured, perhaps fatally, by having his flesh incinerated by a suddenly kindled fire.

Mr. Pixley was visiting the dressing tent of a dog and monkey show, accompanied by his sister. The monkey, known as Jim Robinson, attacked Pixley, biting him several times and opening the flesh in gaping wounds.

The burning treatment was at once administered to prevent the spread of the poison caused by the animal's teeth. The management of the show says the monkey took exception to the presence of a lady in the tent.

Governmental Receipts To-Day.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—National bank notes received to-day for redemption, \$31,176.

Government receipts from internal revenue, \$78,064; customs, \$78,751; miscellaneous, \$11,712. Expenditures, \$83,000.

Secretary Root Not Seriously Ill.

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